





# Lincoln

BY

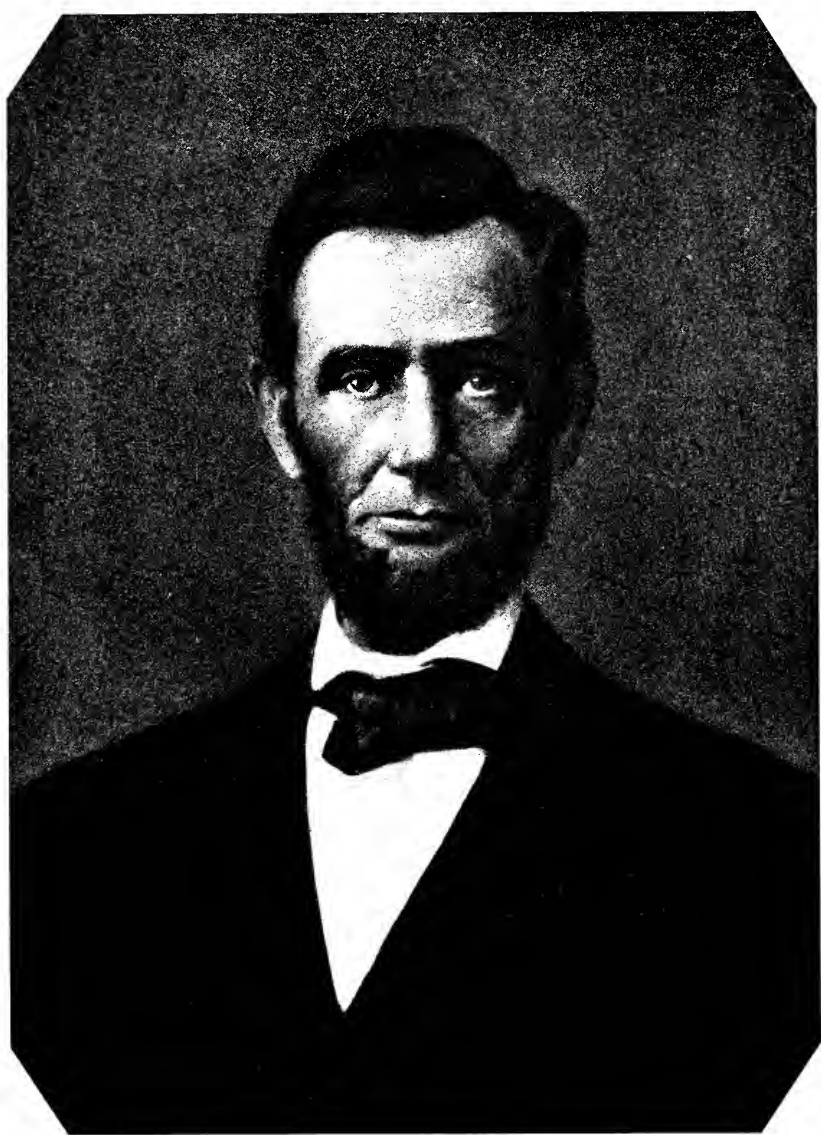
ANNA MARIE NEIS


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1915

ANNA MARIE NEIS

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INCOLN! Protector,  
counsellor, friend;  
Though gone from this world  
still lives,  
Endeared to all of his fellow-men;  
His eloquent word still gives  
Inspiration of soul, to young  
and to old  
Who peacefully dwell in the land  
He saved from ruin and direful woe,  
With the stroke of his powerful  
hand.  
No pact e'er signed in the annals  
of man  
Ever carried such freedom and  
peace  
Into millions of homes, into hearts  
that were sad—  
Bidding sorrow and want to cease.

NE of the noblest of our wide  
world

Is this victor whom we adore;  
This hero, sculptured in marble  
and bronze,

And chanted in song evermore.

He lives in the hearts of the human  
race,

In our own and in foreign lands,  
As an “uncrowned monarch” of the  
earth,

As a ruler who gave commands—  
Not in the spirit of pomp and  
power

With injustice and cruelty  
combined,

But in tenderest love; in the  
simplest way;

Courageous as he was kind.



**H**E fearlessly proved by act and  
by speech  
His faith in all mankind.  
The solemn words that fell from  
his lips  
Are cherished in heart and in  
mind.  
The love that he bore to great and  
to small  
Was like that of the Christ of old;  
His merciful deeds, his goodness  
of heart,  
Will over and over be told.  
In the magnitude of this glorious  
earth  
His name shall live sublime;  
Generations to come behold him  
still  
An idol of all time.

**N**





LOG CABIN



**A**DMIRATION and ardent  
love  
In such measure has ne'er been  
given  
As he bestowed on the maiden  
fair,  
So suddenly from him riven;  
With broken heart, and spirit  
crushed,  
His courage well-nigh spent,  
He rallied from the o'erwhelming  
blow,  
On sacrifice still bent.  
He began his mission here  
on earth  
Of ministering unto others;  
And henceforth looked on all  
mankind  
As sisters and as brothers.



 HIS praise for honesty, peace  
and love  
Spread far in the countryside;  
His plea for justice in all he  
said  
Was heralded far and wide.  
And so he came to be known  
to all,  
This boy of the Prairie State,  
This boy so sadly whirled and  
tossed  
At the stern decree of fate.  
And after years of toil and  
woe,  
His heart's desires to gain,  
He slowly, steadily reached the  
end  
Of the thorny path to fame.

ERE we behold him; presiding  
o'er

The grandest nation on earth.  
Here destiny wove his life in  
ours,

To prove his priceless worth.  
He grasped the helm of the ship  
of state,

And guided it safely through  
The most perilous and heart-rending  
years

This country ever knew.  
The struggle that followed is  
known too well;

The anguish, the sighs, the  
tears;

The anxious days; the sleepless  
nights;

The country's hopes and fears.






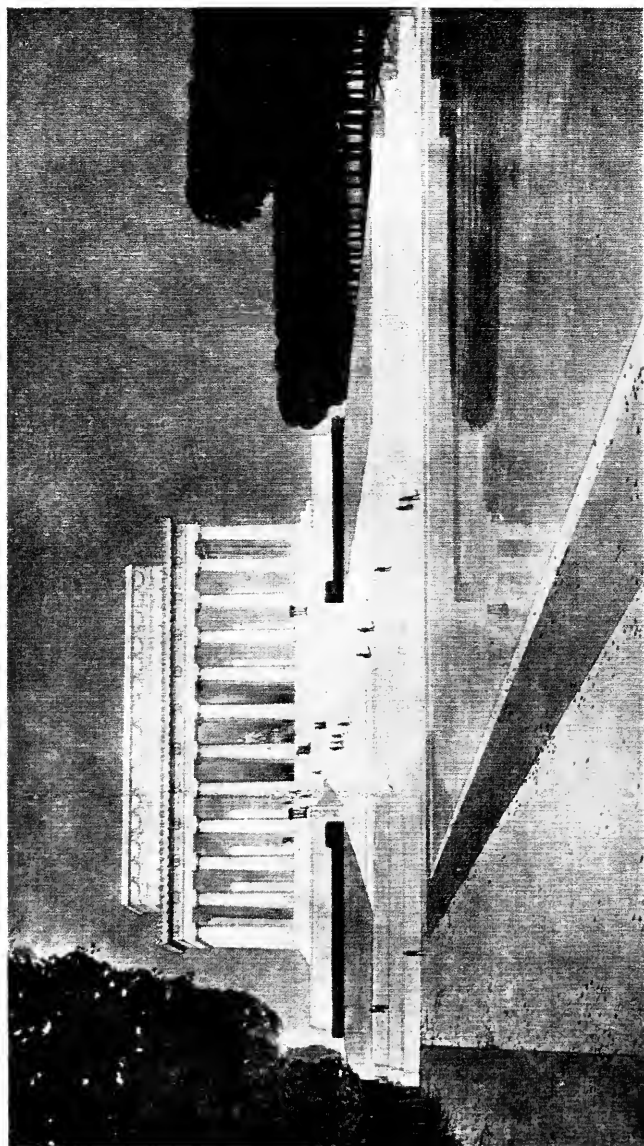
WHITE HOUSE






UCH joy the world has  
rarely seen,—  
A nation born anew!  
That freedom reigned throughout  
the land,  
All knew was deeply true.  
A new creation for all mankind  
On that wondrous day was  
dawning;  
Such was the joy that reigned  
supreme  
That bright Good Friday  
morning.  
The saddest face in all the  
land  
Shone with transfiguration;  
He saw his purpose in life  
achieved;  
He had saved the life of a nation.






LINCOLN MEMORIAL



HE audience rose and  
cheered, and waved  
As for majesty on a throne;  
Such peace supreme and  
happiness  
For years had not been  
known.  
Then lo! a pistol shot rings  
out!  
Tumult and terror reign—  
With shrieks the throng move  
towards the spot,  
And then rush back again—  
But only one face wears a  
smile,  
One head is dropping low;  
The Chieftain, all unmindful,  
Is the victim of the foe!




**A**GAIN the nation rose  
as one  
To waft his name in prayer.  
The universal grief now seemed  
Too great for man to bear.  
And nature seemed to  
sympathize  
With every heart again;  
She quickly gathered all her  
clouds  
And sent down floods of rain.  
And negroes knelt in mud and  
mire  
As far as eye could see  
To plead all night with God on  
high,—  
“O God! Mars. Linkum made  
us free!”

“ON'T let him die!  
Dear Jesus, hear!  
Oh, let Mars. Linkum live!”  
No tributes vowed were more  
sincere  
Than those they had to  
give.  
But the victor of that fateful  
hour  
Crowned with laurels won,  
To higher glories must pass  
on,  
His work on earth was  
done.  
Wild joy was turned to deepest  
woe,  
The world was sadly weeping;  
The only face serenely calm,  
In sacred peace was sleeping.





LINCOLN'S HOME

HEY bore him to the  
Prairie State,  
Where now he lies at rest  
Close by the home he loved so  
well,  
Near those who loved him  
best.  
Not even in death is he alone,  
For his child is at his side;  
Together their journey ended  
on earth,  
Together they will abide.  
And the mourning nation  
gathered  
From town and village and  
State,  
To salute the draped and  
doleful train,  
And learn of his tragic fate.

**A**T last they reach the hallowed  
spot;

A hush falls on the scene.

Despair and sorrow are intense,

But one face looks serene.

His lips are sealed; his eyes are  
closed;

His silence deeply speaks;

They hear again his farewell  
words,

When the tears ran down his  
cheeks.

“My friends, to you I owe  
my all;

To this place my heart still  
clings;

You cannot gauge my feelings  
now,

Nor the grief this parting brings.”


“**I** KNOW not when I shall return,

No one can ever tell;  
Pray that I be led aright.  
I bid you now farewell.”  
The spell is snapped; all  
                                hearts relax;

The people weep aloud!  
It seems as if his voice from  
  heaven  
Has spoken through a  
  cloud.

And so they laid him down  
to rest,  
From care and sorrows free;  
The greatest of all storm-tossed  
souls

On Life's tempestuous sea.

 'ER his resting-place stands  
a stately tomb,  
No grander can be found  
To keep alive his memory  
Than this on hallowed  
ground.  
Here throng the hosts of  
reverent friends  
Who loving tribute lay;  
Here many people of all  
climes  
Their sincere homage pay.  
More lasting than the towering  
shaft  
Is the name on it we find;  
The name beloved by all the  
world,  
Lincoln! the true, the kind!





LINCOLN MONUMENT

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